

Song of My Heart

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Summary: Every pianist's dream: study at Juilliard. And ever since her mother's death, Annabeth Chase has vowed to play piano in Athena's memory. She has always thought of her life as a song, and her mind the instrument. But when she meets a certain green-eyed boy, she starts to live a different song: the song of her heart. (Mortal AU. Percabeth.)

Song of My Heart

****Hey Guys!** This is my second story, but I'm also writing my first one at the same time. ****Whoops****. I just had the idea to write this one, so I did. (My first story is A life Left Behind. Please check it out!) Anyways, this first chapter will be kind of sad, but I wanted to add depth to the story and to Annabeth's thoughts. I really love piano, so I connect with this story a bit more than my first one. I'm also trying out a new writing style. I want it to be a little deeper and more serious. Tell me how you like it!
Enjoy!******

****~Petra****

****Disclaimer:** I don't own PJO or HOO. ****(A/N: Sorry! no long and funny disclaimers on this story! I'm too lazy;))**

Prologue

I tuned out the priest as his voice droned on and on about how my mother would always be present in mind, and how she's in a better life. He calls it hope.

I call it bullshit.

You think I care? I wanted to scream at the priest. _All I care about is that I'm never going to see her again, or feel or hear her again here on Earth. You keep saying that I will see her after death, but I don't need her when I die. I need her now._

I squeezed my eyes shut. _Don't cry. Please, please don't cry, Annabeth._ But I couldn't help but think about my mother.

Start flashback

"Mom!" I shouted. "I can't! I just can't!" I banged my fists on the keys. "Why do I have to do this anyways?"

My mother's soft gray eyes gazed down at me. "It's music, Annabeth. You have to feel it. Don't even listen. Just feel."

I glared down at the piano, the pedals, anything but my mother. "You think I don't try, Mom?" My throat hurt. "I really, really want to. But how can I feel the music when I can't even read it? Or play it?"

She sighed. I could almost feel the disappointment rolling off of her in waves. I hated it. There was nothing I've ever wanted more than making my mother proud, and yet the one thing she cares about most, I fail at.

Piano.

"Athena!" my father's voice drifted to us from the kitchen. "Dinner's ready."

My mother sighed and collected the sheet music off of the stand. "Tomorrow's another day, Annie. Don't dwell on what you couldn't do today, or yesterday, or the day before that." She smiled at me and got up from her position on the bench. "Let's eat."

I miserably made up an excuse about having homework and went to my room. I don't even know why I cared so much about being good on the piano. But every time I try to play, I just get frustrated.

Oh, I do feel, Mom. I think. _I feel worthless._

I collapsed onto my bed and glared at my periwinkle walls, then at my white furniture. Then I grabbed a brush off of my bedside table and started yanking it through my hair. Despite my frustration with our piano lessons, I enjoyed every moment with my mom. I loved her.

With all my heart.

End flashback

I took a deep breath and opened my eyes. Same gloomy priest, same coffin, same cemetery. Back then, at nine years old, I didn't understand how freaking lucky I was to have my mom. I also didn't understand how quickly leukemia could destroy my mother.

I almost laughed at the irony: my mother's own cells killed her.

So I stood there, drenched in the rain because I didn't want to bring an umbrella. And made a promise to my mother:

I will play piano, Mom. And I will play it well. So well that you will be proud.

The priest closed his little Bible, ending his little speech.

I love you, Mom.

The coffin was lowered into a hole dug into the ground. The hole looked endless, like my mother would disappear into it forever. And in a way, she would.

I love you.

Wow. It's kind of depressing. And short. Sorry about the length! Anyways, Please review and tell me what you think! Constructive criticism is always appreciated. Thanks for reading!

End
file.